

Halo: Friend or Foe?

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Summary: First Smut Fic: Ever wondered what happens if Master Chief were to stumble upon a female Elite, and her male companion? Read on for some Human/Sangheili action! Master Chief (OOC)XElites Reviews appreciated!

1. Chapter 1

_Author's Note: Hi all, this is my first smut fic. I'm not particularly sure what I'm supposed to list out around here since I'm new to writing fanfics, but this whole fic essentially has Master Chief having sex with a female _and _male Elite. Read on if you like that kind of thing. Constructive criticism will be... appreciated? Whatever works with you people. Heh._

(Be Advised, Lemons and Slash)

Disclaimer: I do not own the Halo franchise, only some of the games. Bungie/Microsoft does. This fic is written only for entertainment purposes.

****Chapter 1****

The Master Chief crept silently into the wreck of a building, shotgun at the ready. The apartment was a shell, one burnt-out husk of many in the streets of war-torn New Mombasa. He turned into a room, surveying the damage done to it. It was simply furnished, probably had been previously shared by a couple. There was a bed for two, a desk, and a mirror, even a cupboard built into a wall. There was an en suite bathroom at the back end of the room, opposite of the doorway he had just entered through. The place was mostly dusty from lack of maintenance. The windows cast forlorn beams of light into the room; the glass panes had long been shattered, perhaps from the shockwaves of some long forgotten bomb.

His mission was to seek and destroy, to root out and eliminate the

tiny pockets of Covenant resistance remaining in UNSC-held territory. Experience had taught him to search every room, in every household. Especially the apartment blocks. The cramped environment provided natural defenses for the alien resistors to hunker down behind.

He crept over to the window; took a look at the adjacent buildings. Nothing in the gray walls and broken windows. Much blood had been spilt upon these streets. The Master Chief sighed inwardly at the loss of human life â€œ

Only to freeze. He checked his Heads-Up Display again: There it was, a brief flash of a red dot on the motion tracker. He checked the status of his shotgun. It was racked and ready for use. He slowly turned around and crept towards the en suite bathroom. The door was open. He took a step in â€œ

And was rewarded with the ghostly green glow of an overcharged plasma pistol.

There was no time to dodge the blast. The crackling ball of energy leapt from the C-shaped mouth of the alien weapon, and at point-blank range the energy packet slammed onto the Spartan's shielding, spreading across its invisible surface and causing the shielding covering his armor to fizzle out. He swore and backpedaled out of the toilet. That was the problem with street-to-street, house-to-house fighting. There was simply too little space for a seven-foot tall being like him to maneuver properly. His assailant appeared: The four snarling mandibles and blue armor of a Sangheili minor. The Master Chief grinned under his faceplate. Easy meat. His shotgun boomed, once. Buckshot screamed forth in an angry burst of flame, flaring across the Minor's shields. At such a close range, the Minor's shield winked out instantly, causing the Sangheili warrior to stagger back from the force of the round. By now the Chief was up close with the Minor. They stood nearly face-to-face, both breathing a little heavily. His shields were down; so was the Minor's. He pumped his shotgun, arming another round; the alien soldier already had its plasma pistol overcharged and aimed at his face, forcing the Chief to stare at the sizzling globule of green death. Without shields, a round of his shotgun would tear through the alien's waist like so much rice paper. Spartan or not, an overcharged plasma round at this range would melt his helmet, not to mention his head. They were at a standoff.

The hand holding the plasma pistol failed to quiver in the slightest. Despite his current predicament the Chief was impressed. For a Minor, this Sangheili was either extremely determined or fearless. The Chief was forced to go cross-eyed while looking down at the â€œ wait, down?

The Chief shook his head. In all his years of fighting Covenant, he'd figured that they'd all stood at around 8 feet, a fair bit taller than his 7. He blinked. Yes, the Minor in front of him was visibly shorter. He then noticed that the Minor's chest plate jutted out at a steeper angle than all the other Sangheili warriors he'd ever encounteredâ€œ He cocked his head a little to the side (the Minor mimicked the action). He saw what he was looking for, and was all the more shocked for it. There it was: A more obvious curve in the posterior.

This one was female.

The Minor grunted in surprise, as if finally registering the fact that it " _her_ " had somehow ended up face-to-face with the Demon. The same infamous Demon that had slaughtered its " _her_ " brethren by the hundreds. The Master Chief noted that her grunt was higher-pitched than the usual male Sangheili, which for him was just more confirmation for what he'd just realized.

The plasma overcharge fizzled out. The Minor slowly lowered and reattached her weapon to her thigh armor, maintaining her gaze on his helmet. Likewise the Master Chief cautiously lowered the shotgun. He wasn't sure why he'd done that. Granted, he was surprised that the Covenant was employing females on the front lines, or even in the military at all, but regardless she was still another Covie. She should be breathing her last in a pool of her own gore by now. Perhaps it was because Cortana wasn't around to give any of her advice. The AI was back at base aiding the UNSC defense of New Mombasa, and he'd taken it upon himself to lend a hand. But, I digress.

The Minor raised a hand to his chest " her arm was not nearly as bulky as a male's, but the Chief could certainly observe the lean musculature of her bicep, which led his gaze to her chest" The Chief felt his codpiece getting a little tight. Puzzled, he reflectively looked down, wondering why, of all times, he just _had_ to get such an awkward erection.

And the alien female ran her four-fingered hand across his chest piece, growling in an odd manner. The Chief checked his HUD. Scans were showing that she was radiating pheromones. _Like a bitch in heat_, the Chief smiled to himself. The Minor was _aroused_ by him. He clasped her hand with his free one, and with his other he let go of the shotgun, letting it clatter to the ground. With a blink to his HUD, the codpiece of his armor was released with a pneumatic _hiss_ and fell to the ground.

The Minor's mandibles opened slightly, gawking at the bulging erection he'd revealed to her. The Chief felt a small sense of pride. Judging from the marines that he'd seen often when exiting cryosleep, he'd been very, very well-endowed. And that was before the ONI spooks had pumped bio-augmentations into his systems. Which had made him, well, _bigger_. And from previous experience, women seemed to like that. A lot.

The Spartan pulled her in towards him, while his other hand pulled off his helmet, revealing chiseled features, close-cropped brown hair, and dazzling blue eyes. If it hadn't been for his too-pale skin (from staying in his armor for too long), he'd have gotten laid a lot more often. The Minor looked at him and wrapped her free hand around his neck, and pulled _him_ towards _her_. And they locked lips (and mandibles) in a kiss.

For kissing something with four parts to a mouth, the Master Chief had to admit that it had gone pretty well. The only awkward part was that his erection had been pressing against her stomach, which he was sure she could feel.

Still close together in each other's arms, the unlikely pair half-waltzed half-stumbled towards the conveniently placed king-sized bed. Fumbling, the Chief placed his helmet facing the bed, making

sure the helmet's camera was recording. You never know when you'll get lonelyâ€|

Then he fell back into the surprisingly soft mattress, leaving his throbbing, hot member the only part of him still pressing against his bodysuit. In this position he could not remove any more of his armor than his gloves and gauntlets (which he hurriedly shed), and without his helmet and codpiece he felt oddly exposed. In an awkward move, he unzipped and pulled off his bodysuit, yanking the black material off ankles, tossing it to the floor. Now naked on the bed, his erection stood firm and upright in the crisp, cold air. The veins running down his thick shaft throbbed in excitement.

That was when the Minor thumbed something on her right gauntlet, which caused her thigh plates to disengage and fall to the ground, followed by the two halves of her chest piece. Her scaly skinsuit folded in on itself, splitting at the waist and folding into her gauntlets and her shin plates. That was when the Chief could only stare at her toned, grey-skinned body, and beyond of this he forgot all of his troubles.

The Chief stared at her sculpted, body â€" reminiscent of military training, yet not nearly over muscled enough to diminish her slender feminine curves. Then she dropped to her knees, still staring lustily at his hard-on. He was then enraptured by her exposed breasts â€" a fine cleavage she had, with her twin orbs both not too large and not too small. Just right. She finally noticed his staring and shyly covered her breasts with a gray arm â€" The Chief suspected she was a first-timer. He motioned at her to put her arm down, and this she obliged. She bent over the bed â€" where he was lying, his shins were too long for the bed, so he'd let them down to drape by the knees, onto the floor. She hovered her reptilian face over his erection, and he could have sworn he saw little beads of sweat roll down her long snake-like neck. She glanced at him, and he gave a small nod, the only green light she needed to continue.

The Minor bent her neck down, down towards the base of his penis. She opened her mandibles wide, allowing a long, reddish-pink tongue to slither forth. With great anticipation emanating from both sides, she gave his nutsack a small, swift lick.

The Chief moaned with delight. He hadn't expected it to feel this good. Then again, the last time he'd gotten laid was with this beautiful red-headed Marine while serving aboard some UNSC Frigate. God, it had been so long ago. He'd forgotten her name by now.

The Minor licked her mandibles, giving the Chief a view of small rows of teeth, two rows lining each mandible, and another row lining her upper lip. He felt some anxiety about those teeth, but forced that aside. He'd deal with that if became a problem. The Minor, evidently pleased with his reaction, started applying her tongue, and its alien â€" looked just like human saliva to him though â€" saliva, upon the base of his member, tenderly licking his balls. She didn't seem to want the Chief hurt: That was fine by him. Then she lifted her head and looked at the very tip of his spear. She shifted herself forward a bit, no doubt to make herself more comfortable. She gave his head a sloppy lick, getting saliva all over his manhood. It twitched its response at her touch. Then. Like a rabid dog unleashed, she made a small lunge forward, all previous hesitation forgotten. She wrapped both of her hands around his shaft, and gave his head another

lick.

The Minor proceeded to pump both hands up and down his shaft in a most rhythmic fashion, licking his head again and again. The Chief groaned. He subconsciously raised an arm and placed his hand at the back of her blue helmet, where it tapered to a blunt point. The Minor, after licking his member for a while, got the hint and removed her hands. One went to and gently gripped his thigh for support; the other began to playfully fondle his testicles. The slight scaliness of her hand, coupled with her sharp fingertips, was a new experience indescribable to the UNSC's greatest hero. And it got infinitely better, when she bent forward and engulfed the entirety of his shaft in her mouth. She began to bob her head up and down most vigorously, running her tongue along the length of his big, hot member, and almost gagging when it hit the back of her throat. The Chief almost gave in then, so enamored was he with the tightness of her throat and the wetness of her mouth. He hadn't expected that she'd know how to go deep on him, especially due to his length. Nonetheless, she did. And it was amazing. Her mandibles even served to add to the pleasure, the small rows of teeth that he once looked upon in disgust rubbing against all the sides of his length, flexing in a rhythmic massage while her flexible tongue rubbed up and down his member, as though it had a mind of own. It was unique, and in a very good way, to say the least.

The Minor bobbed her head with even more energy, her hand rubbing his thigh seductively and her other hand massaging " tugging and squeezing " his nuts. The Chief began rhythmically pushing down on her helmet, encouraging her to carry on. With such tender love being lavished upon his massive cock, it was a testament to his stamina that he could last till now. And when he finally blew his nuts, boy did he _come_.

He bucked his hips roughly in reflex, showing his member further into the Minor's throat. He moaned, pushing her head downwards by her helmet with both hands. Both actions were unexpected, and the Minor's eyes opened wide with surprise when she almost gagged on the Demon's shaft. She was even more surprised when it trembled and spurted a hot fluid down her throat. Sticky and salty, it was unique to the Minor. And absolutely fantastic. The Demon jerked and spasmed slightly at the hip as his manhood fired off five six and finally seven wads of the stuff. She made sure to swallow everything, even inhaling to make sure she took in whatever came out of the Demon's shaft. It wasn't her fault that the salty liquid tasted so good to her. She finally released her mandibles and withdrew her head from the Demon's cock. Both of them could see that the Chief's spear, now lying limp yet retaining its size, was coated in his sticky white cum and a whole lot of her saliva.

No matter. The Minor extended a long gray finger and flicked up some of that mixture of their fluids. She then lifted it to her mouth, where she sucked on it till it was dry, and withdrew it with a wet _pop_. All the while, she was staring lustily at the Master Chief. That action alone was sufficient to make him go erect all over again, his dick throbbing, wet and standing to attention like a nervous recruit. It certainly was trembling as much as one. Just to make sure, she deliberately ran her flexible tongue right up the length of his member, from balls to base to head, taking her own, sweet time. He moaned. Loudly. The Minor bent down again, blushing slightly as she approached the big, beckoning shaft. She wanted to taste that

salty fluid, wanted to hear the Demon groan under her caress. She opened her mouthâ€|

And felt the Demon grab her waist. Taken gain by surprise, she stared in awe as the Master Chief lifted her up with ease and pulled his newfound consort's hips towards him, demonstrating how strong this particular human was. He settled her down upon his torso, with her watching him, forced to stay propped up by her elbows while the Demon brought his unwavering gaze upon the very bottom of her hips. She could feel his rock-hard cock poking into her back. She could do nothing but watch, curious as the Demon brought his face closer and closer to her nether regionsâ€|

All the Chief said was a simple my turn as he found what he had been hoping to find: There, without any skinsuit for cover, at exactly where a female woman's vagina would have been, was his treasure: Tight folds, swollen and purplish, waiting to be opened, waiting to be explored. The Master Chief remembered a single time when he had wondered what Sangheili cunt would taste like, when he had been walking past alien corpses during the night at a long-forgotten battlefield. He'd remembered squelching the thought before it could blossom, because back then he'd thought that all Sangheili troopers were male.

He too squelched the small voice that wondered what alien dong would taste like.

Back to the present day, he found his gaze refocusing on the anxious alien clit before him. His eyes flickered up, momentarily glancing at the patient, curious eyes of the Sangheili Minor. He wondered what she was thinking, and felt some regret that he couldn't understand whatever she said. Unbeknownst to him, the feeling was mutual.

The Chief shouldered his doubts aside like any good soldier, and instead used his tongue to â€" very slowly â€" draw a thick, wet line across the feminine slit.

The Minor paused for a moment, before she registered what she'd just so clearly seen, and gave in to the sensations she'd just so clearly felt. She moaned, mandibles splayed wide open. She arced her back, tossing her head backwards, and though she couldn't see him, the Chief smiled. He proceeded to continue stroking his tongue back and forth, slowly and deliberately. One four-fingered hand went to the back of his head, just like he had done, pulling him forward, a desperate attempt by the alien to experience more of that insatiable pleasure. The other free hand went to her breast, squeezing the nipple there in an act of pure lust as the Sangheili moaned. This left her balanced only upon the Chief's hands as he gripped her waist closer to his mouth â€" oh that wondrous, joy-bringing mouth â€" as her still-armored feet gripped into the mattress of the bed for support.

She was panting now, as the Chief expertly flicked his tongue back and forth quickly, like a lapping dog. Waves upon waves of sheer ecstasy roiled over her as the Chief pleased her womanly entrance. She'd never experienced this before: Her purple cunt had â€" till now â€" never been pleased, especially not in such a manner as the Demon was doing. For this inexperienced female, she came close to the edge fairly quickly, and as soon as she thought he had reached the limit of his expertise the Demon lifted her even more towards him

with one arm, unrelentingly lapping at her cunt. Now she was almost upright, her weight still causing her to lean backwards. Her knees, trembling like so much jelly, barely prevented her from dropping down onto her fresh consort. Her arms were dangled limp by her side. Her attention was not focused on them. Rather, with what strength she could muster " the lovemaking had drained more out of her than she had thought possible " she craned her neck downwards, to see the Demon's right hand snaking up towards her breast. She released what sounded almost like a giggle, blushing at her sheer vulnerability.

The Chief grabbed her breast. Just as expected, it was nicely soft to the touch and fitted nicely in his cupped hand. Just right on all counts. He played with the fleshy orb, feeling the warm, grey flesh beneath his palm and fingers. He gave the targeted breast a massage with that hand, his reward being the soft, panting murmurs of the Minor, letting him know that his actions were well appreciated. And while she was distracted by his fondling of her tits, he made his real move. He ducked his head forward and speared his tongue _into_ her wet folds.

The Minor moaned as he licked and pleased the interior of her sacred tunnel. As his left arm tightened around her waist and ass, her hands coming alive once more to grab the Demon by the head and _pull_ him further _into_ her, _anything_ she could do for more of that pleasure "

It was there and then that the Minor experienced her first climax.

The sheer blast of pleasure that erupted from within her made her previous sensations feel like puny waves lapping against a stone cliff. She arched her back yet again, her body bucking and trembling as she threw her head back and groaned and moaned " no, _screamed_ in pleasure. The Chief was quicker than she'd thought, smarter too. He'd have to have been, if half the stories she'd heard about him were true. The moment she was pushed off the brink and into her climax he retracted his hand from the breast massage he had been giving her. Both hands each grabbed at a well-rounded buttock " again, soft to the touch yet not flabby; this female was stunningly _flawless_ " and held her close as she shook through her pleasure, securing her beautiful gray body from shaking too much. His tongue had similarly retreated, his lips already hovering above her nether lips to begin an assault upon the lightly pinkish womanly juices that spilled forth. His mouth was like a vacuum, sucking up, swallowing, and relishing every last drop of that amazingly sweet, addictive liquid. He cleaned it all off from her clit, and to be safe he licked his lips one more time, just to savor every tantalizing drop of this ambrosia.

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2****

Satisfied that he'd consumed every last visible drop of this hot nectar, the Chief decided to be content by watching the rise and fall of the Minor's perfectly round, nicely ample breasts as she came down from the adrenaline rush of her first climax. He lowered her whilst turning her around, such that he could lay her next to her upon their

sweat-soaked mattress. Both human and alien lay next to one another, both wondering how two foes could have, so quickly and suddenly, become lovers. He hugged her close, covering her breasts while slowly massaging her wet slit. Even though her cold helmet bumped against him occasionally, he didn't mind.

The Master Chief made the realization that the Minor and himself were probably the first case of Covenant and Human to, well, consort with one another. It was both mildly repulsive and downright awesome at the same time. He'd be the first Human ever to fuck an alien. And a hot alien at that.

But there was no time to dwell on the thought, as he looked to see the Minor already clambering to her hands and knees " or, double knees or whatever. Sangheili have rear-facing legs, but soldiers don't linger on terminology. Regardless of name, the Minor had already appeared to have forgotten her tiredness, as she was already crawling her way over to the Chief's still rigid pole. She gave it a light tug to make sure it stayed up. While doing show, she inadvertently gave the Master Chief a very, very nice view of her rear end. His manhood was staying up, all right.

The very first thought that came to his mind was: Are all Covenant ladies this horny?

Regardless, this lusty Sangheili had already moved herself into position. Gray-skinned legs splayed wide apart, she had squatted over his throbbing, waiting member, hovering her purple folds just above the head of his angry red shaft, giving it a preview of what was about to come. Her mandibles, previously drooping slightly from her panting, were drawn into an unmistakably mischievous smile. She dipped her cunt down to his shaft, only to brush its head momentarily before she lifted herself away. The Spartan gripped the sweat-soaked sheets of the mattress in an attempt to control himself. His blue eyes sent a playful glare at the Minor. She returned it with ease. He managed to get out a brief You sly tease-

Then she sat down on his spear.

The Chief had been impatient, primal animalistic instincts taking over, and this had coincidentally forced his hips to buck upwards, hungry to insert itself into the waiting alien snatch. As such his cock slid into her folds with a wet schluck, and penetrated her, while her cunt came down upon his crotch, the Minor's hole swallowing the Chief's rod. He met some resistance, while his penis was half-buried in her snatch, probably the Sangheili version of a hymen. He broke it without hesitation, forcing his cock further in and feeling some of her bodily fluids coat his shaft, making its invasion easier. Virgin it is, then.

She was so tight, the Chief moaning to himself as the silky velvet of her tunnel pulsed and trembled, clenching his pole like a clamp. The Minor moaned as well, hands steadying herself by placing them upon the Demon's abs. Then she began to move, moving her hips up and down, up and down, the Demon's cock rubbing against the walls of her tunnel, generating friction, heating up her cunt beyond its current temperature, making their passion all the more erotic. The Chief had his eyes closed, muttering his pleasure as this beautiful creature fucked him senseless.

The Sangheili had her head thrown back, tongue lolling as she was overwhelmed by the sensations emanating from her waist. She loved how this Human's manhood filled her so fully. The alien raised and lowered her ass again and again, falling into a cycle, a cycle of pleasure, punctuated by the moaning of both the Chief and the Covie. Subconsciously, the Chief began thrusting his hips, and eventually both entered a rhythm of mutual pleasure. His hips would move up as she squatted, slamming his member as far up as its length would allow (which was pretty far). Then his hips would relax and drop, while she raised her hips, such that his length would slide out of her vagina, till only the mushroom-cap of his manhood would remain lodged beyond her folds. Then the cycle repeated without stopping.

Despite previously displaying considerable sexual stamina, the Minor was evidently starting to tire from her exertions. The Chief found his hands grabbing her buttocks, massaging the smooth, grey flesh while helping her with moving around her posterior. The cowgirl-like position was taking a drain on her.

She leaned forward, unable to continue bouncing on his shaft, such that she was balanced on her knees, leaning forward to get closer to her mate. Even though she was sweating and panting, and still wearing her helmet, the Chief found her feminine, alien features beautiful in an exotic way.

The Chief picked up the slack. While her legs parted for his easier access, he resumed thrusting his cock up into her snatch, letting her legs rest while he pistoned his throbbing member faster and faster. Having leaned forward, the Minor had brought her breasts close enough to his face, so that he could move forward and latch his mouth upon one of her nipples, licking and generally slobbering saliva on her orb. Alternating between her left and right breast, he split his attention evenly between the two beauties, using his tongue to mould the flesh of her breast, playfully biting upon her nipple, and sucking on it with more determination than a milk-deprived child. He pumped his crotch up and down at an ever-increasing speed, moaning at the wet sound of his balls slapping against the Minor's voluptuous ass. And with all of her most sensitive parts having the Demon's love lavished upon them, the Minor, already sensitive from her first climax, was quickly reaching the precipice of her second climax. The Chief, despite his awesome stamina, was also nearing his brink, having had much taken out of him by the Minor's fantastic blowjob.

The Minor lay her helmeted head next to the Chief's, murmuring sweet, soft, incomprehensible things into his ear, letting him breathe in the smell of her long neck, the excessive pheromones only turning him on even more. His hands gripped on the Sangheili's supple waist to hold her close, the scent of their sweat mingling as waves of pleasure rolled forth upon them. The Minor clenched her lower regions tighter with the help of her stomach muscles, the effect being her glove tightening her nearly vice-like grip upon his member. Moaning even louder, she gripped the sheets of the mattress, almost tearing them apart. Their bodies slick with their passionate sweat, the Chief slowed, and with a grunt rolled his hips and slammed them upwards one last time, ramming his pulsing member straight up into that tight tunnel, far farther than he'd had previously. Both of them moaned at the sheer euphoria of his rod engulfed in her tight, hot womanhood.

It seemed only right, then, that both of them fell off of the edges of their metaphorical cliffs together, plummeting into the same sea of pleasure, at the same time.

His hips locked into position, the Minor's tight, hot cunt engulfing his rod all the way to the base, even his bio-augmented strength could stop the Chief from shaking as he cried out, self-control forgotten as a massive wave of cum ejaculated from his cockhead, bubbling hot and sticky. It filled up the Minor's inner cavern, and for her the feeling was exquisite. She threw her head back and howled even louder than the first time as the feeling of his semen filling her nether regions catapulted her into her next orgasm. The walls of her tunnel clamped down on his dick, clenching harder like a tightened glove, milking his penis for all the cum it was worth. Likewise the Chief never failed to please, the initial wave of his semen followed up by wads of the white, jelly-like liquid being belched forth by the tip of his spear, splattering her interior, mixing and mingling with her own waves of fluids.

The pair of lovers stayed in place for a while, riding out the shakes and shudders of their climax. The Minor wiped a bit of spittle from her mouth, blushing because she feared that she'd made a mess of herself in front of the Demon. She looked down, to see a trickle of the Chief's semen slowing inching its way out of her cunt and beginning to pool at the base of his shaft, which was still firmly entrenched in her tight folds. Without missing a beat, she stretched two long fingers down and scooped the cum up. As she brought it to her mouth, her fingers accidentally brushed her waist, causing her to shudder, reminding her of how sensitive she was. Then she brought the cum to her mouth and sucked it of, savoring the tasty, salty liquid and licking it off her mandibles, smiling at the Chief while she did so. She looked down, and finally noticed the extent of the "mess" the two of them had created. The mixture of both his and her cum had been so much that it had filled her womb to the brim, overflowing and splattering some of it on both their crotches. She was sure it had exploded behind them as well, inevitably wetting the bedsheets with their climax. She was sure, however, that no one left was going to care. She and her lover certainly didn't. Their erotic coupling had left her ravished.

Still joined together at the hip, she lay on him chest-to-chest, their wet bodies stacked on one another. He brought his muscular arms up, to wrap around her back, hugging her close as the two of them basked in the warm afterglow of their passionate lovemaking. She tilted her head up, resting her chin on his warm chest plate as she stared into his eyes. How she loved his blue eyes. They matched the color of her armor. She wondered why she, as part of the Covenant, had to have sworn to be murderers of this wonderful race, if all their men could bring her and her kind as much pleasure as this Demon had. The Master Chief stared into her warm, yellow eyes, gazing into the slits of her pupils, wondering how he'd been so lucky as to land someone like her.

The Minor hauled herself forward, the wet sound of his cock being pulled slightly from her equally-wet womanhood starting to turn her on again. She brought her face level to his "her long Sangheili neck certainly helped" and the two lovers locked lips once more, embracing the union of two species in their passionate lovemaking. She moaned into her lover's mouth, and she began to feel his flaccid cock beginning to stiffen once more. Continuing the kiss, her

mandibles secure over his jaw, their flexible tongues playfully battling one another for dominance. She smiled as erotic, _dirty _thoughts entered her mind about what could come next. The Chief could only wonder.

And the passionate moment was shattered by a loud and confused grunt.

The Minor whipped her head around, mandibles splitting in a look of shock. His mind clouded by the fatigue of his exertions, as well as his pleasure, the Chief took a moment longer to realize that the grunt had been too many for his lover. He struggled to crane his neck to look, senses alert.

Both saw the Sangheili Major standing in the doorway; mandibles open in a look that could only have been a combination of fury, shock and disgust. This one was undoubtedly a male, the broadness of his shoulders, size of his muscles, and lowness of his voice all giving his gender away. His features were also more harsh, more aggressive, way more so than the more delicate, feminine and (amazingly) attractive look of the Minor's face. The red color of his armor matched the scarlet rage spreading across his face. He'd probably noticed the loud bang of the shotgun discharge, and finally managed to get here to investigate as the Chief at the Minor orgasmed together. He'd noticed the armor pieces scattered across the floor, the human scum " the _Demon_, the scourge of his kind, no less " and his female comrade wildly fucking, and giving in to one another's pleasures. It had disgusted him, and from the doorway he'd leveled his plasma rifle at the Chief's head, more than ready to take it off his shoulders. The blue tips of the purple weapon glowed with an angry light, as the Major yelled at the Minor, probably showering her with insults about the heresies and blasphemies she had just committed. Sleeping with the enemy. How disgusting. The Minor remained stoic, staring her comrade down, defiant to the end.

The Chief's gaze wandered down, further down the armor of the Major, until something caught his eye. He tapped the Minor on the arm to get her attention (she looked down at him questioningly), and pointed at the Major's waist (she followed his arm to look). The Major, wondering about this change of events, looked down as well.

All three noticed the bulge in the Major's skinsuit, right between his legs.

The Minor grinned and the Master Chief smirked. _Hypocritical bastard was just as horny as the rest of us._

The Major, despite his (supposed) fury, was turned on. His arousal proved it. The Chief suddenly realized that the Major could have been the Minor's direct superior. Which both seemed very wrong and yet very erotic at the same time.

The Minor grunted something in their alien tongue, and though Master Chief couldn't understand it certainly sounded very sexy. When he saw the Major blush awkwardly (the gray skin behind his mandibles turned reddish), and his erection bulge out even more he realized whatever she'd said was the Sangheili equivalent of a _come hither _gesture. _Naughty girl_

Then he remembered about that time, long ago, where he'd wondered

what Sangheili cock looked (and tasted) like. It struck him that he was about to get his chance.

Author's Note: The next chapter will include male on male sex. Yes, the Chief is going to (Spolier) get his ass done in by the Elite Major. While I'm certainly not gay, the next chapter is purely due to sexual deviancy. You have been warned, I suppose.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

The Major seemed to have yielded to his desires. With a touch on his gauntlet, just as the Minor had, the Major's red armor clattered to the floor, accompanied by the plasma rifle. Like the Minor, what was left of his skinsuit rippled like that of water in a pond, dissociating into scales and collapsing into his gauntlets and shins. Like the Minor, the armor below the knees stayed attached.

And the Master Chief got a long, hard look at an erect specimen of Sangheili wood.

The member was gray, the same tone of the rest of the Major's skin. It was way larger than the Chief's, large enough for the Chief to start feeling the whispers of an inferiority complex. It was long and thick, enough so that it looked more like it belonged on a small horse rather than the Sangheili, and it was ribbed along the sides, with ridges rippling and jutting out down the length of the alien shaft. It didn't terminated in a cap-like head, much like the Chief's did, which was just a really large and long version of most other non-SPARTAN men. Rather, it tapered to a point, and the ending bit, where there were no ridges, was colored a deep purple instead of grey, which was probably an area much like the Chief's cockhead. It also didn't seemed to possess only 1 nutsack (albeit larger than 1 human testicle) attached in the same fashion as a human dick. In all, the Chief could only gawk (the Minor blushed) at the massive, throbbing meat, which still grew slightly as the rod was further engorged with blood. He could only imagine the Minor being violated by such a shaft, and he was thankful that she had met his penis first.

The Major took a tentative step towards the couple. The Minor rolled off the Chief, and off the bed, disappearing suddenly beyond the Chief's sight as the Major " now more confident " advanced on the Chief, who lay alone on the bed, his now-vertical and now stiffening cock his only companion. The Major took one look at the Chief's dick and sniggered, probably laughing at the size difference between the two. The Chief, indignant, subconsciously brought his hand up to gently stroke his manhood. Red and raw as his member felt from all that breathtaking sex he'd just experienced, he was sure it was erect and ready enough for any further" sexual _escapades._

The Major, violent as was normal for his kind, grabbed the Chief by the ankles and roughly dragged him closer to the Major, who was standing at the foot of the bed. The Chief, caught off guard by the maneuver and not able to put up much of a fight, could only watch as he was pulled inexorably towards that monster of a cock. Too late, he realized what was about to happen. By then it was too late to struggle. The Major's mandibles split in a wide grin, and unlike the

Minor, who smiled with genuine passion and lust, this grin was one overflowing with sadism and wrath. Here was the Demon, the bane of his kind, vulnerable and weak. The Major decided to take his chances.

The Chief gripped his hands to the bedsheets, a futile act of defense. He couldn't bring himself to close his eyes. He was forced to remain a spectator to the horror about to be wrought on his body. The Major grinned. His cock was so erect and blood-engorged that it curled upwards, and he rubbed his monstrous member against the Chief's. Obviously it was a show to boast about the Major's masculinity.

Then, the Major pulled back, and with a roll of his hips speared forward. The Minor chose this moment, reappearing with a stool that she had procured from somewhere. She put it down at the nearest corner of the room and sat down on it, evidently enraptured by the unfolding series of events. The Master Chief experienced a brief moment of clarity, where he noted how ridiculous she looked, almost-naked as she was as she sat on the stool, her marvelous breasts and wet snatch open to all who were present to see. Then the Major hit the bullseye.

His massive, throbbing shaft paused at entrance of the Chief's asshole, then shoved in, eliciting a scream from the Chief, a scream of pain rather than pleasure. The Major moaned, primarily because of the tightness of the Chief's back door, secondly because of the fact that he was defiling and dominating the scourge of his peoples. His spike inexorably pushed past the Chief's sphincter, the human groaning in pain as the Sangheili continued to push. Eventually the Major stopped, his dick lodged as far up the Chief's anus as it would go, essentially popping the Spartan's anal cherry, as some describe. The alien shaft was buried to the hilt, the gray alien testicle pulsing against the chief's ass cheeks.

Both were panting, holding still to let themselves get used to the sensation. Oddly, the Chief's pain slowly ebbed away as his rear end got used to the Major's presence. When the pain began to be replaced by pleasure he moaned, and that made his cock twitch, fully erect.

The Major began thrusting into the Chief, faster and faster, the alien's four mandibles splitting in pleasure as he rammed his way up into the tight, forbidden shaft. Both males were panting like tired beasts. Sweat, both alien and human, was soaking the bedsheets again.

The Major reached down to grab the Chief's dick and grasped it, jerking on it as he continued thrusting his hips. The Chief gasped as he felt the rough texture of the Major's hand on his shaft. Subconsciously he bucked his hips, feeling the foreign presence in his rear end, as well as the rhythmic pumping of his pole by the scaly hand of the Major.

With the Major tending his member, coupled with the simultaneous (somewhat pleasurable) violation of his asshole, it was no wonder that the Chief ejaculated first, his cock spasming as it released more spurts of his cum. The Sangheili Major, seeing the Chief's semen splattered all over his chest, came too, groaning and releasing his alien semen into the Chief's rear end. There was the brief sensation

of the hot liquid filling up the Chief's sphincter, but it passed soon enough, leaving behind the sensation that the Chief was going to need to take a shit.

With the dicks of both men flaccid, the Major finally withdrew from the Chief. The Chief had never seen himself as homosexual, but hey, first time for everything. It hadn't been so bad, either.

It was then that both of them heard the panting.

They turned their heads, to see the Minor furiously masturbating. Evidently she'd taken some amount of pleasure from watching the two males in action. All 4 of her fingers slipped in and out of her throbbing pussy, as she tried to catch up to the two males. Her other hand grasped at the stool for support. At that moment she came, and the squirt caught both Major and the Chief unawares.

Her pinkish cream splattered onto the Chief, and this he wiped off with his fingers and licked it, and the action alone seemed to make both their dicks spring to attention. The Chief remembered his previous thoughts about Sangheili dick, and this caused him to approach the standing Major's dick.

The Minor watched as the Chief took the Major's massive member in his mouth and began to suck, bobbing his head just as the Minor's had. His hands began to fondle the nutsack beneath the gray alien member. Evidently the Major had had enough, as within a few minutes of the chief tasting the hot, stone-hard member the Major grunted and pulled out, only to ejaculate all over the Chief's face. Hot, steamy shots of alien semen erupted from the Major's shaft, splattering over the Chief's face. This cum, unlike the Chief's, was a deep purple, and when the Chief wiped some of it off of his face and brought his hand to his mouth he realized it had the texture of glue, and tasted sweet, much like the Minor had. And speaking of the Minor, both the Major and the Chief " as though they could read one another's mind " turned to look at the Minor, who was masturbating again, but stopped to stare back into their hungry eyes|

Minutes Later|

The Major and the Master Chief were beginning to establish a rhythm with the Minor. As she took the Major's meat in her mouth, the Chief positioned his cock at her asshole. Her little puckered hole seemed too inviting to resist. Then he pushed into her, causing her mandibles to splay in shock. The Chief moaned as he pushed into her tight tunnel, which was so much hotter, wetter and tighter than her pussy. Her hole opened for him slowly as he began thrusting, slowly at first, but building up speed as he worked and coaxed his way into the tube that clamped down on his shaft, instinctively trying to remove the foreign presence while still milking him for his juice. The two males quickly set their rhythm with the female, the Minor's voluptuous breasts swinging beneath her like ripe fruit as she bounced between her two lovers. Sangheili and Human alike moaned as they moved together. The bed, unaccustomed to so much weight, shook and creaked as the bed groaned under the weight.

The Chief pumped harder, and his hands reached forward to grip the smooth orbs that were the Minor's grey tits, squeezing them, molding them, making her moan into the Major's thrusts. The Major thrust even harder, occasionally causing the Minor to gag on the same sheer

length that had violated the Chief. The Minor then lifted her arms to grasp the Major's buttocks, pulling his cock even further into her as she lay kneeling, supported in between the two males by her knees. Two fine specimens of masculinity.

The Minor came, her creamy woman juice squirting out and splattering in between the Chief's legs. As she did so she sucked even more and clamped down even harder on the Major's dick, causing the monstrous member to blast its sickly sweet fluids down her throat. The Major grabbed her head and held her down as he roared his pleasure to his gods. Their combined spasming as they climaxed eventually caused the Chief to reach the same result as he grunted and moaned, bucking his hips one last time as he rammed in as deep as was possible into the Minor's asshole, firing off his final salute of cum deep into her.

Expended, the males gingerly slipped their flaccid shafts out of their shared mate. The three of them lay on the bed together, exhausted and wet. The Chief wasn't sure of what the Sangheili were thinking, but he felt kind of guilty over his erotic attempt at sexual deviancy. He was a Spartan, he should've had better self-control than this. If the authorities found out that he'd consorted with the enemy, he could be tried for treason. Nonetheless, it still felt good to get laid, and the unique nature of his recent experience made the taste of this forbidden fruit even sweeter.

After a while, after all 3 of them basked in the afterglow of their therapeutic sex, the Major decided to make a move. After a brief dialogue in their alien tongue, the two aliens (reluctantly) got off the bed, recollecting their scattered armor pieces. Despite not wanting this moment to end, the Chief understood that he still had a job to do. He too, groaning and complaining, got off the bed. The Minor decided "much to their delight" to lick up the fluids coating their crotches, and after some moaning on the part of the Major and the Chief, all 3 soldiers stood in their full armor. Shields powered up; They were warriors again.

The Major motioned towards his plasma rifle, only to halt at the sight of the Chief's shotgun. It was the Chief who sat down on the bed, laying the gun across his lap. He raised both his arms in a sign of mock surrender. The Major understood this without the need for words, and bowed his head respectfully. He turned to leave the apartment.

The Spartan and the Minor remained in the room. He could see it in her eyes, the longing for him. She opened her mandibles as if to say something, but realizing her words would not be understood, closed her mouth again. The Chief stood up and stood closer to her. Raising an armored hand he stroked her cheek, lovingly, gently. She whimpered in sadness, looking away, and the Chief could've sworn that tears were glistening in her eyes. He lifted her head, so that she stared into his eyes as he memorized every detail of her face, and committing the image to memory, he kissed her.

They kissed deeply, passionately, and even though they didn't understand each other's words, and fought on opposite sides of a war, they knew then that they'd shared something unique, something special, and something unforgettable.

Eventually she broke the kiss " she had to " and after one last, sad look at the Chief's face, turned away. He wore his helmet as she strode off to look for the Major, once again a champion of the UNSC. He stole one last look at that beautiful ass, shifting ever so seductively in that skin-tight body suit.

He grabbed his shotgun and left the room, heading in the opposite direction of the aliens. He still had a job to do.

They'd spent the time in that room as friends, a union of two opposing factions; now, they parted as those same enemy sides, fighting their wars, always remembering that time in the room with the bombed-out windows.

They never saw one another again.

Author's Note: Well, this has been an interesting experience to write. For a first time sort of thing, I don't think this turned out too badly. Heh. Also, while this concludes the main story, I may put up a short Epilogue just to bring some closure to the story, while maybe setting up future sequels...? We'll see. Stay tuned for more!

4. Chapter 4

****Epilogue****

Cortana sat silently in her virtual world, quietly contemplating life. With processing power like her's, coordinating the valiant defense efforts of the UNSC was a cakewalk.

So she'd turned to mulling over philosophy, and once she got bored of that she'd turned to fretting over the Chief's safety. She was anxious that she hadn't gone with him, hadn't been able to provide him with on-the-fly support. His vitals were still fine, though, so he was alive and kicking ass for sure.

Then, something caught her attention: A ping alerted her to a notification. The Chief's helmet camera had been recording in High Definition, and had recently concluded a short filming. It was mildly interesting as regular missions don't require special filming in HD. Recordings are made at a standard definition for the entire duration of the mission, or until the helmet gets destroyed.

Curious, and wanting to check up on her Chief " yes, _her_ Chief " Cortana sent out a electronic probe, imbued with a subroutine to copy the recording and send it back to her. It took less than a minute, and when she received it she opened it to watch.

Her eyes widened.

Here was her Chief getting head from what looked like a female " yes, the mammary glands proved her right " Sangheili. An Elite having sex with a Human? Unthinkable

She continued watching in stunned silence as the Spartan got laid, and gasped when the Major arrived and literally fucked up the Chief. The HD recording concluded with the interspecies threesome, and ended with a last goodbye between the female Sangheili and the Chief. She

was at a loss for words. This was wrong on so many levels, and violated innumerable rules in the UNSC. Her Chief, sleeping with both a female and male alien. And yet, somehow, the video seemed to turn her on? Was that even possible?

Cortana felt algorithms and programmes surge, feeling her virtual avatar " her female figure (which was undeniably sexy) heat up in response to the video. This was an anomaly of an occurrence to Cortana, who, being virtual, was never experienced lust before.

The AI resolved to rectify this newfound emotion

****END (For now)****

Author's Note: So... well then. That's it, I suppose. Might result in a sequel if I had the time. Thank for reading, and keep on reviewing!_

End
file.